NINA

OR THE

Madneſs of LOVE,

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

(AS PUBLISHED BY Mr. LE TEXIER.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF

MARIA, OR THE GENEROUS RUSTIC.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Ove ſia chi per prova intenda amore,
Spero trovar pietà

PETRARCA.

Printed for C. ELLIOT, T. KAY and Co. N°. 332,
Oppoſite *Somerſet-Houſe, Strand.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
MAR

TO

THE HONORABLE Mrs. HOBART,

THIS

TRANSLATION OF NINA,

(A WORK THAT IS MUCH INDEBTED
TO HER FOR THE FAME IT HAS
RECEIVED IN THIS COUNTRY:)

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HER VERY OBEDIENT,
HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE TRANSLATOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
67
MAR

ADVERTISEMENT.

FEW Productions of the *French* Muſe, have ever been more univerſally read, or more juſtly admired than NINA.

In *the Cloſet*, it has been honored with the approbation of the moſt diſtinguiſhed literary characters our Iſland can boaſt, but it is to be feared, that unleſs the aid of Thalia be invoked, it will not be found perfectly qualified for repreſentation, on a Stage where the tenants of the *upper regions*, are the HIGH ARBITERS OF TASTE.—

They, it is to be feared, may not eſteem the intereſting Sorrows of Nina, a ſufficient compenſation for the loſs of thoſe lively ſallies of wit, that diſtinguiſh the writings of an *Andrews*, a *Sheridan*, and a *Murphy*,—to which thoſe *exalted* Critics have ſo often payed the Tribute of unbribed applauſe:

In the courſe of the Tranſlation, ſome few Additions have been made, whether or not, they were dictated by judgment, muſt be determined by the Publick,—To whoſe inſpection this Trifle is now ſubmitted with reſpectful diffidence.—

Inner-Temple, 13th April, 1787.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

The COUNT.

GERMEIUL in Love with NINA, ſuppoſed dead.

NINA, Daughter to the COUNT.

ELIZA, Governeſs to NINA.

GEORGINA, formerly Nurſe to the COUNT.

Peaſants, Children, &c. &c. &c.

NINA.

Scene a Garden with a Path leading to the Village, NINA *reposing on a Bank, but not ſeen.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

ELIZA, GEORGINA *and Peaſants diſcovered.*

ELIZA. SAY gentle natives of the plain, does Nina ſtill ſhare your pity?

GEORGINA. From ſorrows like hers who can withhold their pity?

ELIZA. There, beneath thoſe trees, the lovely mourner ſleeps, we may approach and contemplate her without any fear of diſturbing her.

GEORGINA. Ah! there ſhe is. How calm are her ſlumbers, let us not deprive her of the few tranquil moments that pitying Heaven beſtows; righteous God! that one ſo amiable, ſo accompliſhed, ſhould loſe that reaſon ſhe employed ſo nobly! is there then no hope of her recovery?

ELIZA. Alas! no, my dear Georgina, there are no hopes.

GEORGINA. What agony muſt her preſent ſtate occaſion to my Lord, how ſincerely is her fate regretted by all the hamlet; but Eliza I muſt now remind you of a promiſe you have formerly made, to inform our peaſants whence all your Nina's ſorrows ſprung.

ELIZA. Yes, dear Georgina, I will now fulfill the promiſe to which you allude—

GEORGINA. Tho' as nurſe to my Lord, I knew ſome of the particulars, yet even I am ſtill ignorant of the whole hiſtory, and dread the recital of her woes.

ELIZA. Approach then and learn the fate of that Nina, whoſe bounty diffuſes happineſs throughout the hamlet—you are by no means ignorant of her illuſtrious birth, or thoſe ample territories to which ſhe muſt one day ſucceed—Germeiul was the ſon of an officer who loſt his life in preſerving that of the Count—my Lord on enquiry found that his benefactor, his diſintereſted deliverer had left an only ſon totally unprovided for, he took him home and educated him

as

as his ſon, ſuffered him to aſpire at the poſſeſſion of your Nina—Nina formed by Heaven to inſpire love's brighteſt paſſion was not inſenſible to the merits of Germeiul, the day that was to witneſs their union had been already fixed by the Count, when a rival (who poſſeſſed no other recommendation than that of conſiderable wealth) ſolicited the hand of Nina; the Count dazzled by the ſplendor of this propoſal, violated his faith with Germeiul, baniſhed him his houſe, and forbid Nina to receive any freſh token of his affection, ſhe overcome with this unexpected misfortune, devoted herſelf to grief—I endeavoured to procure the recall of the unfortunate Germeiul, but was forbid to name the ſubject, and could only teſtify my grief by mixing my tears with thoſe of my amiable miſtreſs—

GEORGINA. Is it then my ſon the Count who could act in this manner? Was he capable of a conduct ſo cruel? So repugnant to juſtice? He who has ever been ſo amiable a character, but proceed.—

ELIZA. Germieul wiſhed at leaſt to bid a laſt adieu to his adored Nina, I accompanied my miſtreſs to the appointed ſpot, as we approached the grove we heard the voice of Germeiul, and ſoon after that of his rival.—Our horror was ſoon raiſed to the higheſt pitch by the claſhing of ſwords, we ruſhed to the ſpot, but Oh! what a ſpectacle! Germeiul proſtrate and weltering in his blood. Nina fainted. I flew to the caſtle for aſſiſtance. She was carried home ſtill ſenſeleſs.—

When ſhe recovered, the firſt object that preſented itſelf to her returning ſight was her father preſenting to her the murderer of Germeiul, and announcing him as her intended Lord. Nina, unable to withſtanding the force of contending paſſions, ſunk oppreſſed with woe—her tears ceaſed to flow, her reaſon was baniſhed.—The ſight of her father became inſupportable, and the deteſted rival was neceſſitated to deſiſt from any farther attempt to obtain the hand of her whoſe heart was devoted to Germeiul: her father when it was too late ſaw his conduct in a right point of view, and placed Nina in this ſolitude, where I have never ceaſed to attend her, wearying Heaven with prayers for the return of her reaſon—the Count unable to behold a ſpectacle ſo moving, ſeldom viſits this ſpot, whilſt Nina more intereſting, and more lovely than ever, is at once the melancholy victim of hopeleſs love and unmerited ſeverity.—

GEORGINA. And Germeiul—

ELIZA—The tidings of his death arrived too late to encreaſe, if that were poſſible, the ſorrows of Nina; ſhe has totally forgotten the horrid ſcene that firſt deprived her of reaſon, and only remembers that Germeiul was faithful and lovely; thoſe ideas remain, but they were graven on the tablet of her mind by the powerful hand of love and will not be effaced by time or ſorrow—ſhe ſtill thinks that he is travelling, and each returning day that dawns on yonder fragrant bank waits his return with anxiety; not the moſt inclement weather can reſtrain her love-

directed

directed feet, she carries a nosegay with her, waits there an hour, bedews the flowers with a tear, leaves them there, and returns home in silent grief.

GEORGINA. But her father—

ELIZA. The victim of despair—he consecrates to sorrow the remainder of his years, and regrets the injustice whence all his misfortunes have arisen, he has just written to me to say that this day he means to visit his poor Nina, and I am in hourly expectation of his arrival, but the only consolation I can afford him, is to weep with him.—

GEORGINA. Poor Nina!

FIRST PEASANT. How amiable she is!

SECOND PEASANT. How generous!

GEORGINA. Too much so—but here is my Lord—let us retire that we may not intrude upon him—

ELIZA. Yes, probably he may wish to speak with me in private

(*Exeunt all but* ELIZA.)

SCENE

SCENE II.

The COUNT *and* ELIZA.

COUNT. Oh! Eliza, I am all impatience, is there any hope?

ELIZA. Alas! no, my Lord, no change has taken place ſince your departure—

COUNT. Then I have no more to ſay—where is ſhe?

ELIZA In this grove.

COUNT. Heaven; if ſhe ſhould ſee me—

ELIZA. You need be under no apprehenſion, ſhe is ſtill ſleeping, I go to await the moment of her waking.

COUNT. Haſten to inform me as ſoon as ſhe awakens. *(Exit Eliza.)*

SCENE III.

The COUNT *alone.*

COUNT. Lovely unfortunate, you alas can no longer hear the ſighs of repentance that I utter. O my child, little do you know the grief I feel. I have dearly paid for one act of unjuſt ſeverity

ſeverity; it has coſt me the happineſs of my whole life. Juſt Heaven!—but I am guilty and ought to ſuffer.—When Germeiul and Nina were on the point of being made completely happy, I with one cruel word, deſtroyed all their felicity—hapineſs farewell, thou and I no more ſhall meet—we have parted for ever—Oh! Heaven!

SCENE IV.

COUNT, GEORGINA *and ſome old Peaſants.*

COUNT. Who wants me?—

GEORGINA. Pardon our intruſion, my Lord.

COUNT. Ah, my dear Georgina! are you there?

GEORGINA. Yes, my Lord, it is I who with ſome of the elders of the hamlet, are come to welcome you—but poſſibly our viſit is ill-timed?

COUNT. Never, my friends, eſpecially if you come to offer me an opportunity of being uſeful to you.

GEORGINA. Thanks my noble Lord, to your goodneſs and Mademoiſelle Nina, we are in want of nothing, for you muſt know ſhe ſtill remembers the poor, and tho' ſhe has forgotten every thing elſe, ſhe is as mindful as ever to do good; that habit ſtill remains.

COUNT.

COUNT. You make me happy beyond conception, when you tell me there is any thing that can now afford pleaſure to my adored Nina.

GEORGINA. Her liberality is without bounds, Eliza furniſhes her with things, but we have ſome ſcruples about accepting them from her.

COUNT. To receive from her? Think then that by refuſing to accept her preſents, you would deprive me of the only pleaſure I now poſſeſs, and would alſo deprive her of the only means by which ſhe can enliven the gloomy hours.—No, no, accept all her preſents, pray for her recovery. Heaven with approbation hears the prayers of honeſt poverty.

GEORGINA. Alas! my Lord, we do little elſe than weary Heaven with prayers, there is not an infant beginning to liſp, nor an old man tottering on the verge of the grave, that does not join in perpetual prayers for the reſtoration of your tranquillity.——

COUNT. You have my thanks, but whilſt Eliza is with my daughter, tell me, in what ſtate is her health, they ſay it is perfectly reſtored.

GEORGINA. Yes my Lord, her health is nearly re-eſtabliſhed, ſhe is even ſometimes gay, ah! how happy it makes us all, but oh! when ſhe weeps! every eye in the village is moiſtened with a tear.

COUNT.

COUNT. Tell me, in what manner does ſhe ſpend her time, does ſhe walk as much as uſual?

GEORGINA. All day long.

COUNT. Alone?

GEORGINA. Almoſt always.

COUNT. With a penſive air, and a countenance expreſſive of grief?

GEORGINA. Alas! She does. But however abſent ſhe may appear, ſhould any poor old man paſs by, he is ſure to awake the attention, and to poſſeſs the pity of Nina; and ſhe appears pleaſed.

COUNT. Oh then be ever in her way, be anxious to meet her,—ſay, does ſhe ever name her father?

GEORGINA. Alas! my Lord, one day when your name was mentioned, a ſudden paleneſs overſpread her whole face, and a cold tremor enſued, and ſhe—

COUNT. Never name me to her more.

GEORGINA. How I pity him. *(aſide.)*

COUNT. Heaven puniſhes me moſt ſeverely.

GEORGINA. May our prayers appeaſe its wrath.

COUNT. Nina hears with horror that name which nature meant ſhould comprehend her guardian and her friend, but now, alas! conveys no other idea than that of her tormentor.—

GEORGINA. She will love you yet, do not deſpair.

COUNT. All I now can hope is, that ſhe will bear the ſight of me.

GEORGINA. She will not only ſuffer your preſence, but will love you, and will yet recover, Heaven is full of mercy.—

COUNT. Alas! I dare not hope.

GEORGINA. If it ſo pleaſes Heaven that your grief continues, we will ſhare thoſe ſorrows we cannot leſſen.

SCENE V.

Enter ELIZA.

ELIZA. See where the lovely mourner comes, bearing the tribute of love, ſhe wiſhes to be alone, let us retire.—

COUNT. I ſubmit, but promiſe me that I ſhall ſee her, that I ſhall hear once more the muſic of her voice. *(Exeunt.)*

ELIZA.

ELIZA. Here in this grove you may obſerve her unſeen, for on this bank ſhe ſings thoſe ſongs ſhe compoſes and then forgets, here ſhe ſits ſurrounded by the peaſants, on whom ſhe beſtows preſents, and ſeems delighted with their expreſſions of gratitude.

COUNT. Ah! here ſhe comes, I muſt away, this is too much, O how I long to fly into her arms, to calm the tranſports of that heart I firſt taught to throb. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE VI.

(A Clock is heard to ſtrike Five.)

NINA.

NINA. Hark! now is the time—the clock declares the welcome hour which Germeiul fixed for his return—he is not here! Yet where, Ah! where, will he be more happy than with her whom he loves, and by whom he is adored? my flowers are for him—he ſhall have my heart too—yet he does not come—how ſlowly paſs the hours! Nature looks ſad—Oh Heaven! hark!—Ah! no! Ah! no!—perhaps ſome one detains him! No, that would be cruel, how my head burns—Oh! my heart is ill too—if Germeiul was here all would be well.—

SONG.

I.

When to this ſpot returns my love,
How pure the joys I then ſhall prove!
His ſmile ſhall baniſh every gloom,
And bid the Spring more verdant bloom.
In vain I look—he comes no more,
Ah me! my love returns no more!

II.

Ye ſongſters gay who hail the ſpring,
In ſweeter ſtrains you'll ſurely ſing,
When to theſe widow'd arms returns
The youth for whom my boſom burns,
From him you'll learn—the thought how vain!
Germeiul no more ſhall tune the ſtrain!

III.

Echo, reſponſive maid, in vain
I weary thee with notes of pain,
Perhaps of thee, in ſome lone grove
Germeiul demands his abſent love!
Hark! hark! he calls.—Ah! no! Ah! no!
His voice no more ſhall ſooth my woe.

SCENE.

SCENE VII.

Enter ELIZA.

NINA. Ah my friend! I do forget your other name.

ELIZA. Eliza.—

NINA. Well—he is not come!

ELIZA. 'Tis no doubt ſome inſurmountable obſtacle—

NINA. Oh! yes—Oh! that I but knew where he was—is he far off?

ELIZA. Very far—*(ſighing.)*—

NINA. Does that grieve you too?

ELIZA. Indeed it does—your little friends are here.

NINA. *(Smiling.)* Let them come.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

A Groupe of Children.—ELIZA *producing a Baſket of dried Fruits, &c.*

NINA. Good day, good day, my little cherubs, you are ſtill mindful of me, you are not weary of beſtowing your pity on me, how kind it is to viſit the wretched! to ſoothe their grief—Angels could do no more; tell me, you have not forgotten to pray for his return?—

CHILDREN. No, no, no!—

NINA. But you have forgot his name?—

CHILD. Germeiul.—

ANOTHER CHILD. The well—beloved.—

NINA. Ay, that is his name, he has no other—take this ring, he never ſaw it.—

CHILD. A diamond?

NINA. Yes, it is no more.—

CHILD. I'd rather have that lamb.—

NINA. I muſt not part with it, it was his gift—when he returns ſhould he find I had given it away, he would be grieved, he loved it much, and it ſhall be ever dear to me—but he will be here

here ſoon—I have made a ſong—hear it.—O! I have forgotten it, it matters little—I have ſomething to tell him I can never forget—and you—what is it you are to tell him?

ELIZA. They will ſing the verſes you taught them.

NINA. *(in aſtoniſhment.)* I taught them—I have forgotten them, repeat them—I will try to remember them, I will not forget them any more—

Children Sing.

Here Germeiul thy Nina wept,
Here her mournful vigils kept.—

NINA. No, that is not right—hear me—*(ſhe ſings more tenderly.)*

Here Germeiul, &c.

CHILDREN. Thy return hath ſooth'd her woe,
Nina's tears no longer flow.—

NINA. Hear me ſing—he uſed to love my voice.

Thy return, &c. *(ſings.)*—Alas! happy ay when thou art here, but O! when thou art loſt, oh how I weep—lo! there he is—righteous Heaven—Oh! hark! he ſays he loves me—Germeiul was never falſe—Oh! me, he's gone, he flies theſe wretched arms—is it not thee?

thee?—'tis thy Nina, ſtill ſhe loves— O Heaven let me ſee him for one day, one hour, a moment, and I die content— oh God of mercy.—

CHILDREN. Die! Nina muſt never die— Heaven will ſpare our kind benefactreſs—you muſt live for us.—

NINA. Yes, for you and for Germeiul—but you weep; do not pity me, I have had a moment's happineſs, methought I ſaw him.—

ELIZA. Here comes the poor Count—he cannot refrain from beholding his daughter. *(aſide.)*

SCENE IX.

Enter the COUNT *and* GEORGINA.

COUNT. Let us draw near—ſhe ſees me without horror.

GEORGINA. Alas! ſhe knows you not.—

NINA. *(Hiding herſelf behind Eliza.)* Let us go.—

ELIZA. Why?

NINA. I ſee a man—let us go.—

ELIZA. You will grieve him much.

NINA.

NINA. Do you think ſo? then I will ſtay—Nina will never grieve any one, for ſhe knows what ſorrow is.

ELIZA. 'Tis only a poor traveller.

NINA. A traveller?—

ELIZA. He comes to aſk the rights of hoſpitality.

NINA. He is in the right—have you thanked him?—I cannot ſpeak, do you addreſs him—he is going—ſure he does not fear me, ſtay, good Sir, I do intreat you, fear not a poor deſerted girl, 'tis Nina who ſpeaks to you, all the world know and pity her, ſtay then.

COUNT. Certainly, if you command.—

NINA. He ſpeaks—his voice—my heart throbs.—

COUNT. Heaven ſupport me.—

NINA. Pardon the fear I ſhewed on your approach—you muſt excuſe me, I am very ill;—if you knew my tale you would pity me—I know you would.—

COUNT. Witneſs Heaven I do.—

NINA. You ſigh, have you then any griefs?

COUNT. Alas! too many.—

NINA. Then I will weep with you— why did you come here? do you expect any body?—

COUNT. I come to ſeek my daughter.

NINA. Have you a daughter?—you love her, dont you?—you make her very happy?—

COUNT. 'Tis the ſole object of my cares to make her ſo.

NINA. Heaven then will love you;—yes make her happy, and if ſhe loves, do not contradict her choice, that often produces ſorrow.

COUNT. I know it does.

NINA. No, you cannot know it does.

COUNT. This is too much.—

NINA. I once was happy with Germeiul before he went away, but now I am always wretched, I always weep, and make others weep,—I am left at the mercy of ſtrangers, I have no father to protect me!—

COUNT. Have you no father?

NINA. No, if I had, he would have protected me, given me to Germeiul; and Nina, the hapleſs Nina, would not have been doomed to weep without ceaſing, ſhe would not then have been made to wait alone for him ſhe loved, ſhe would not have aſked your pity, nor that of all the world.—

COUNT.

COUNT. You kill me.

NINA. What have I ſaid?—do not weep—ſmile; tears are reſerved for Nina only, 'tis ſhe that has cauſe to weep.

COUNT. My angel. (Alas! I dare not ſay my daughter.) *(aſide.)*

ELIZA. She hears you not.

NINA. *(diſtractedly,)* Tears every where! whither can I fly from woe?—I will away—Ah! no!—to-morrow he will be here—to-morrow? yes, to-morrow.—*(Nina ſinks into a profound reverie.)*

ELIZA. There now, ſhe is fallen into a reverie, it is almoſt impoſſible to re-call her, unleſs by muſic, I will ſpeak to the ſhepherds, who are accuſtomed to play to her. (*Eliza exit.*)

COUNT. Is there on earth a more wretched father— (*muſic heard.*)

NINA. Ah! my kind friend! is it not the ſhepherd who plays?

ELIZA. Yes, their work is over, and they are going to dance on the green. *(entring.)*

NINA. Hark! hark!—yes, now he plays. (*She beats time with her hand*)

ELIZA. Suppoſe we go to the village and ſee thoſe for whom you deſtine your preſents?—

NINA. Have we then any thing left to give? —alas! I gave all I had to GERMEIUL—he has my heart—well let us go—*(ſtopping.)*—Ah! no, I cannot go without GERMEIUL, I muſt ſtay to give him his noſegay, *(She leaves it on the bank.)* adieu ye flowers, ye trees, ye birds, ye who ever witneſs your Nina's pain, and thou conſcious bank, whereon I have ſo often wept, adieu! it ſhall not be long, e'er I return. (*exit.*)

COUNT. Follow her.

ELIZA. I never appear to follow her, leaſt I ſhould give her pain, but always keep within call—retire a little, and I will let you know when to appear.—

COUNT. Adieu! Eliza, a thouſand thanks.—

COUNT. I deſerve none, for following the impulſe of nature, and that love I have for her—I go to join her. (*exeunt ſeverally.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

(*Scene, the Garden as before.*)

The COUNT *alone.*

COUNT. OH! how every word ſhe uttered, agitated my ſoul!—But when ſhe named her father! her Germeiul! (Alas! he never can be hers!) oh! it was too much,—if her reaſon be reſtored, her ſorrows then will be ſeverer ſtill, for her Germeiul is no more!—but ſhe now lives in hope.—What is all that croud? A young man ſurrounded by my ſervants; he reſiſts. Sure they are not guilty of violence.

SCENE II.

The COUNT *and* GEORGINA.

GEORGINA. O! my Lord, I have ſuch news for you!

COUNT. You ſeem troubled?

GEORGINA

GEORGINA. You cannot gueſs the cauſe?

COUNT. Surely Nina is not worſe? Alas that cannot be.

GEORGINA. Germeiul—

COUNT. Well, what of him!

GEORGINA. Still lives!

COUNT. Germeiul! merciful God!

GEORGINA. Scarcely could we believe our eyes.

COUNT. Have you then ſeen him?

GEORGINA. He is here.

COUNT. It cannot be.

GEORGINA. 'Tis he I do aſſure you.

COUNT. Whence this prodigy? why?

GEORGINA. Scarce had he arrived, but he tried to ſeduce the gardeners, and to gain admiſſion that he might ſee Eliza, and ſpeak to Nina—they refuſed, he then endeavoured at another place to ſcale the walls, but was taken in the fact. I happened to paſs by, knew him, and ordered them to conduct him hither; this joyful event has ſo raiſed my drooping ſpirits, that I no longer feel the weight of years, and now rejoice to communicate to you theſe glad tidings.

COUNT.

COUNT. O Heaven! how unſearchable are thy ways? how infinite thy mercy!—conduct him hither.

GEORGINA. Here he comes.

SCENE III.

GERMEIUL, *ſurrounded by Servants, pale, his Hair deſhevelled.*

GERMEIUL. Off! whither are you conducting me? to deliver me into the hands of my bittereſt enemy?

GEORGINA. The Count is always kind.

GERMEIUL. He is a deteſted tyrant.

COUNT. No, I come—

GERMEIUL. To inſult my woes.

COUNT. No, my ſon; to participate them.

GERMEIUL. My ſon!

COUNT. Come to my arms much injured youth.

GERMEIUL. Me into thy arms? ſooner would I ruſh on inſtant death!—ſure I dream?

COUNT.

COUNT. You do not dream: hither you come ſent by pitying Heaven to ſoothe my woes. Oh! I am wretched indeed!

GERMEIUL. Is Nina then no more?—

COUNT. Nina ſtill lives!

GERMEIUL. Nina ſtill lives, and I am welcome here! 'tis too much! O bliſs ſupreme!

COUNT. Name not happineſs to me, 'tis long ſince ſhe and I have parted.

GERMEIUL. Ah! ſay what diſaſtrous fate has now deſtroyed your peace, and that of my adored Nina? is her heart no longer mine?

COUNT. Still to thee ſhe lives: ſtill loves Germeiul.—

GERMEIUL. If ſtill I boaſt the treaſure of her heart, in vain misfortunes frown.

COUNT. Alas you are ſoon to ſee your Nina—

GERMEIUL O! that the bleſſed moment were arrived.

COUNT. Dread, rather than deſire its arrival.

GERMEIUL. And yet you ſay ſhe ſtill loves me, that ſtill her heart is mine. Poſſeſſed of ſuch a treaſure, earth boaſts no wealth I'd look upon.

COUNT. You have not heard of her ſince the ſad night in which you drew an unſucceſsful ſword?

GERMEIUL. Alas! no, I was carried to the houſe of a friend, and there have continued ever ſince, wearying Heaven with prayers to end that life the loſs of Nina had embittered.—At length youth triumphed over the fever produced by my wounds, and I employed the firſt moments of returning health, to learn the fate of Nina, tho' I had no hopes, but merely wiſhed to breath my laſt at her loved feet.

COUNT. Thy death was rumoured every where, and Nina—

GERMEIUL. Wept. How happy am I!

COUNT. What ſayeſt thou?—her reaſon could not ſtand the ſhock—

GERMEIUL. Nina! Heaven have mercy!

COUNT. 'Tis too true.

GERMEIUL. Deteſted tyrant! 'tis thy work.

COUNT. Oh, my ſon! do not make my wounded heart to bleed afreſh.

GERMEIUL. I forgot.—You gave my Nina birth, 'twas wrong, but my deſpair—

COUNT. What muſt mine be! who am not innocent?

GERMEIUL. I dare hear no more!

COUNT. Her reaſon is totally loſt, ſhe knows no one.

GERMEIUL. She yet will know Germeiul.

COUNT. I fear not, tho' ſhe will talk of thee inceſſantly.

GERMEIUL. Of me? Oh Heaven!

COUNT. There, on yonder bank, thy return ſhe daily waits.

GERMEIUL. On that bank?—

COUNT. And there ſhe calls on thee.

GERMEIUL. She then remembers ſtill my name?

COUNT. Alas! 'tis the only one ſhe has not forgotten: there, on each returning night, ſhe leaves a noſegay for her Germeiul, ſheds one tributary tear, and retires,

GERMEIUL. *(advancing to the bank, and taking the flowers.)* Ah, here they are.—Dear angel! where is ſhe? let me fly to ſoothe the lovely mourner.

COUNT.

COUNT. Stop, 'tis neceſſary that I firſt conſult Eliza, who will endeavour to prepare her for the interview. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

GERMEIUL *alone.*

GERMEIUL. Ah! how great the change in my fortunes! but oh! what a change have I made.! "a bitter change, ſeverer for ſevere" Nina, O lovely maid! for ever dear, for ever valued, how hard is thy fate! but mine is ſtill more cruel, for reaſon when it fails to calm, is ſure to heighten every pang.—O! ye ſcenes of former bliſs!—I cannot ſtand it! here, on this bank, ſhe comes to wait for me, ah! me, theſe ſcenes recall to mind my happier, happieſt days! they never will return, (*Enter Count.*) what ſays Eliza?

SCENE V.

GERMEIUL *and the* COUNT.

COUNT. Eliza is diſtracted with joy, ſhe does not know how to counſel us, ſhe fears, yet dares to hope.—but ſee, your Nina comes!

GERMEIUL. How altered! how wildly ſtare thoſe charming eyes, that once love's ſofteſt lan-

guage ſpoke, and in my breaſt illumed its pureſt flame—

COUNT. Let us for a while retire, you ſhall ſoon return, and when ſhe has once ſeen you, your own prudence will direct the beſt way of diſcovering yourſelf. Heaven crown our endeavours with ſucceſs!

GERMEIUL. I muſt away 'tis too much! *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE VI.

NINA *enters leaning on an old Peaſant, and having a Child in her Hand, followed by a Troop of Peaſants.*—

NINA. Thanks, gentle peaſants, the care you take of me, calms the tranſports of my grief, continue to pity, and never deſert the poor Nina.

PEASANT. Ah! my dear Lady! we are oppreſſed with ſorrow for your misfortunes, and with gratitude for your favours, no, we will never deſert you—

GEORGINA. Ceaſe my dear miſtreſs, ceaſe to weep, your ſorrows will ſhortly end, your Germeiul will ſoon return.—

NINA. Will he? O Heaven!—

GEORGINA.

GEORGINA. Yes, he will, perhaps in a week, to-morrow, perhaps this very evening.

NINA. I ſee how kindly you endeavour to ſoothe—O Germeiul!

GEORGINA. Adieu my dear miſtreſs, tho' the hour is paſt which he fixed, yet he will be here this very evening. *(Exeunt all but Nina.)*

NINA. Adieu, adieu.—to-morrow? ah no!—*(at this moment Germeiul appears before her, ſhe ſtarts and exclaims)* Oh!— *(then pauſing ſome time, with her hands lifted upwards, departs with a hurried ſtep)*—

COUNT. Whither is ſhe going?—

GERMEIUL. She knows me! ſhe does.—

COUNT. Do not flatter yourſelf, I fear your preſence has only made her more uneaſy.

(NINA *enters, leading* ELIZA *and reſting on her, looks ſtedfaſtly at* GERMEIUL.)

NINA. Doſt thou ſee?

ELIZA. Well.

NINA. I ſay, doſt thou ſee?

ELIZA. Yes, him you expected.—

NINA. Him ſayeſt thou? I dare not believe it: do not deceive me—but ſee he is ſad!—if it was Germeiul he could not be ſad at ſeeing his Nina, if 'twas Germeiul could Nina be ſtill wretched? ah no! Germeiul would ſooth her woes!

GERMEIUL. Heaven ſupport me!

NINA. His voice! hark! he ſpeaks! oh my head! how my heart throbs! tell me is it he? is it—ſay?

ELIZA. 'Tis he.

NINA. 'Tis he! 'tis he;—

GERMEIUL. Yes, Nina, here Germeiul kneeling, vows eternal truth!—

(Nina looks and ſmiles upon him.)

COUNT. Yes, Nina, and here thy father.—

NINA. Father didſt thou ſay? where is he? O God? I can't obey him, ſave, O! ſave me from him—you don't anſwer? you are not the people to whom I was juſt now ſpeaking, where am I? Germeiul is not here! no, he never will return!—my father? he'll tear him from me! O leave me,—where am I? O who ever you are, have pity on me. *(ſhe faints in the arms of Eliza.)*

GERMEIUL. She is for ever gone!—

COUNT.

COUNT. It is then my name ſhe dreads! well ſhe may!—

GERMEIUL. *(kneeling and holding her hand.)* Nina, 'tis thy Germeiul that kneels.

NINA. *(appearing to awake, but with a troubled air.)* You ſaid Germeiul, do you know him? have you ſeen him? oh, pity me! *(takes Germeiul's hand and places it againſt her forehead,)* oh! fix my ideas—you are gentle, he was ſo— ſtay with me, no, away for ever—oh, what do I ſay? oh ſtay, I have much to tell thee.

GERMEIUL. Me?—

NINA. Yes. Say, where is he? what does he do? how employ his time? what does he think of? why does he not come? does he remember Nina?

GERMEIUL. But——

NINA. Don't deceive me.—

GERMEIUL. I am incapable.

NINA. I do believe thee gentle youth, ſpeak on.

GERMEIUL. If he ſhould appear to you, would you know him?

NINA. O! that I ſhould, I have his image here! *(touching her heart.)* O! had ever mortal ſuch a heart as his! ſay, is that heart ſtill mine?

GERMEIUL.

GERMEIUL. He adores Nina more than ever.

NINA. More than ever? well, that is a queſtion they would never anſwer, ſay, doſt thou know our tale of woe? our——

GERMEIUL. Yes, all is graven here. *(pointing to his heart.)*

NINA. There alone ſuch ſorrows are recorded. You ſhall repeat it all to me, for I alas! have forgotten it; and yet, I do remember, O! too much!

GERMEIUL. Did you not love him much?

NINA. Can he aſk it? let all my ſorrows tell.—

GERMEIUL. Ah my lovely friend, what do I not ſuffer?—

NINA. He calls me his friend; Germeiul did ſo, he ſpeaks like him.

GERMEIUL. Yes, I will ſpeak like him, he often ſaid he loved you.

NINA. And did I not uſe to tell him ſo?

GERMEIUL. And you repeat it now?

NINA. Ay, that I do, will you promiſe me!

GERMEIUL. Yes.

NINA. Never to leave me?

GERMEIUL. Yes, I will be ever with you?

NINA. Morning and evening?

GERMEUIL. Yes.

NINA. I will weep with thee.

GERMEIUL. No, I will comfort thee.

NINA. How ſhall I call thee?

GERMEIUL. Call me thy friend, I will deſerve the ſacred name.—

NINA. My friend? yes, my friend, I will call thee ſo. But who gave thee that noſegay?

GERMEIUL. I found it on yonder bank.

NINA. 'Twas made for him.

GERMEIUL. Will you take it again?

NINA. No, you are ſo like him, I cannot take it from you, I feel happy in your ſociety, but tell me, forget nothing, tell me all.

GERMEIUL. I will.

NINA. Begin.

GERMEIUL. Cruel, yet delicious ſituation.

NINA. I liſten.

GERMEIUL. When firſt he ſaw thee he loved.

NINA. When firſt—

GERMEIUL. He dared not tell his love.

NINA. And yet his love was tender.

GERMEIUL. His eyes expreſſed, what his lips dared not tell.

NINA. And mine?

GERMEIUL. They ſpoke, and Germeiul confeſſed his love.

NINA. His love? yes, his love was ſweet.

GERMEIUL. From that time he talked of love alone.

NINA. True, I remember.

GERMEIUL. He entertained thee with the hopes he had of becoming thy huſband.

NINA. Huſband? yes, I gave him that tender name in advance.

GERMEIUL. Here within this conſcious bower he talked with thee, and thy Eliza.

NINA. I dearly love this bower.

GERMEIUL. Here, his hand in thine.

NINA. His hand in mine? yes, tis true.—

GERMEIUL. He gazed with rapture.

NINA. O! you imitate him well. (*Count and Eliza advance.*)

GERMEIUL. You ſuffered him and were not angry.

NINA. Ah! who could be angry with him?

GERMEIUL. One day.——

NINA. (*turning to Eliza.*) Dear friend he knows all.—

GERMEIUL. One day your father———

NINA. Stop, I remember no more.

GERMEIUL. Approved his love.

NINA. Yes, yes, he did.

GERMEIUL. He gave him leave to give you a lamb, as a token of his love.

NINA. See there it is, it has never quitted me.

GERMEIUL. Eliza was with you.

NINA. Eliza with me? ſhe was, yes, and Germeiul was there, approach, I have nothing

to fear (*to the Count*,) no, away, I do not know you. And yet methinks I do, I am now happy, yet am I—

GERMEIUL. O! God!

COUNT. Important moment.

NINA. Proceed, my friend.

GERMEIUL. And here then, Nina encouraged by the preſence of your Eliza, and your father.—

NINA. What did you ſay?

GERMEIUL. Here Germeiul called thee by the ſacred name of wife, and dared to ſeal thy promiſe with a kiſs.

NINA. O ſweet remembrance! the joy I prove is too great—do I dream? or is it ſo? can it be true? tell me, is it not Germeiul that ſpeaks?—Ah! no! he will not come—yet 'tis he!

Peaſants all advance.

Yes 'tis Germeiul, 'tis your father.

NINA. My father? then Germeiul and I muſt part, he will not let him ſtay.

COUNT. Ah, no! my daughter, you have no more to fear from me. All is changed, here I give thee to Germeiul.

NINA. What do I hear?—

GERMEIUL.

GERMEIUL. Wilt thou accept the hand of Germeiul?

NINA. Does Germeiul ſtill love? ſtill love me?

COUNT. Yes, he adores you, and happineſs alone awaits your future years.

NINA. Happineſs?

COUNT. Witneſs Heaven to my promiſe!

GERMEIUL. (*kneeling and taking her hand.*) Here let me plead.

NINA. (*looking at them both, exclaims, kneeling.*) Righteous Heaven, render their Nina worthy of them, 'tis Eliza, Georgina, all, I know them well, it is my father too, but where have I been? what has been the matter with me?

COUNT. The loſs of Germeiul.—

NINA. Ay, there's the thing, I have not loſt him, have I?

COUNT. No, my daughter, he this moment becomes thy huſband.

NINA. Oh! my father! my friend, what do I not owe thee?

COUNT. Thank Heaven you now recollect me, and can behold me without horror.

GERMEIUL.

GERMEIUL. O Nina! how truly bleſt am I? henceforth never may misfortune lower on the days of my adored Nina! but may each hour as it paſſes, yield the tribute of a bleſſing.

NINA. O! extacy of bliſs! O joy ſupreme! I can no longer doubt.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

I.

Grief and miſ'ry hence away,
This is Nina's wedding day,
All her ſorrows now are paſt,
May her joys for ever laſt.

II.

Joy attend this happy pair,
He is brave as ſhe is fair,
Guarded by the God of love,
May they ever conſtant prove.

FINIS.